THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 274

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LONDON OFFICE-32 COCRSPUR ST., TRAVALGAR

Unimpeachable Testimony!

After a thorough examination of the circulation books, Press and Mail Room Reports, and newsdealers' ac-counts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipted bills from the va-rious paper companies which supply THE NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indorsed checks given in par-THE NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indorsed checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify, that there were PRINTED AND ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY 10,709,620 COMPLETE COPIES OF "THE WORLD."

W. A. CAMP, Manager of the New York Clearing-House. O.D. BALDWIN.
Pres. of the American Loan and Trust Company.
THOS. L. JAMES,
Pres. of the Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM. 31) 10, 709, 520 (345,468

The average No. of WORLDS printed daily during the Month of March Last 345,468.

Average daily Circulation during 345,808 Copies!

WILKIE COLLINS'S

New and Intensely Interesting Story.

ON SUNDAY NEXT THE FIRST CHAP-TERS OF

"BLIND LOVE"

WILL APPEAR EXCLUSIVELY IN THE WORLD.

This Story Has Not Been Equalled in a Decade of English Literature. Don't Fail to Begin with the Beginning.

SIMON CAMERON.

SIMON CAMERON, who died yesterday at his home in Pennsylvania, was a great man, Not great in the beneficent results to the country of anything wrought by him in an extended public career, but great because of his masterful ability to attain, by the manipulation of men, ends he desired. No more grafty political leader than he has been produced by the United States. For many years his sway in Pennsylvania was supreme.

were men of brains, energy and influence who deemed it high praise to be charged with wearing the Camenon collar. To those who served him he was true as steel, and no question of expediency could induce him to turn a cold shoulder to a tried supporter. To his enemies he gave no quarter. His methods were almost brutally practical, and sentimentality had no abiding place in his com-

His power to win friends among his natural political adversaries was remarkable. With him the end always justified the means. His enemies were bitter in their hatred, but instinctively admired his superb generalship. Many an ambitious politician has, after s futile effort to oppose the Cameronian edict, finding himself crushed and humiliated, crept in abject humility into the camp of the victorious clan to sue for peace and favor.

While not an exemplar of pure politics Simon Cameron yet possessed many virtues which endeared him to his associates. He was benevolent, generous and genial. Of the relation of his career to his country it may be said it is not by such as he that a nation waxes strong in morals and through its wise statecraft commands respect and admiration, but as a field marshal to rally political forces and deploy them skilfully so as to win victories he has had no superior and but few eonals.

AN IDIOTIC PERFORMANCE.

The scheme of a lot of disgruntled fellows in Pittsburg to vent their spleen upon Gov. BEAVES by glorifying the act of the Washington erank, ARMES, in pulling the Governor's nose because of a difference of opinion, is one of the most idiotic performances on record. These cunning Pittsburgers have quarrelled with Gov. Braver regarding the The Little Judge Holds Out for His Share methods adopted to relieve the sufferers by the Conemaugh flood. To show their dislike for him, they have had a medal struck off bearing thereon words of approval of the nose-pulting act of Capt. Anmes, which is to be presented to that officer, now undergoing punishment for his offense.

The size of men who could stoop to such a cheap and nasty insult must be infinitesimal. Their very malignancy exalts the Governor. When Capt. Arms returns their medal as unaccepted, as he will, the debasement of this crowd of drivelling idiots will be com-

Evidence has been accumulating ever since the disastrons flood in Pennsylvania that,

while 8the furious elements swept to death thousands of worthy people, the fool-killer has neglected his business.

ANOTHER OCEAN MYSTERY.

Again the probable fate of a steamship fur. nishes an ocean mystery, and the meaning of the wreckage that has been cast upon the beach at Nantucket is anxiously discussed in maritime circles. Does it tell of the loss of a proud ship humbled by gales, shattered by an island of see or destroyed in a collision Has a gallant crew found death in the ocean depths?

The mysteries of the sea are so dense that they appall the heart. One stands at the wharves and sees the magnificent craft, stately, strong and thoroughly equipped, ride gayly off upon their long journeys, bidding defiance to wind and tide. But as the ship steams away and becomes but a dot upon the horizon its insignificance and its utter de pendence upon the mercy of the mighty deep is all too apparent.

Bearing in mind the happy deliverance of the human cargo of the fated Danmark, le us hope that Nantucket's jetsam is not the precursor of the news of a tragedy upon th

THE MECCA OF BATTERED REPUTATIONS.

And now comes the intelligence from Chi cago that Mrs. Carren, whom a jury ha just pronounced not what a woman should be, contemplates going upon the stage. Wh is it that the stage is considered the Mecca of people with bettered reputations?

There appears no valid reason why Mrs CARTER should take to the stage; indeed, or the contrary, there are several cogent reasons why she should court the shades of ob-

The best part of the theatre-going public prefer decency after all, and it should teach the theatrical managers that cheap notoriety is not the open sesame to stage success.

SHE'S NO LONGER MRS. LEWIS

THE DIVORCE COURT ENDS ANOTHER RO-MANTIC MARRIAGE.

Referee Leonard Langbein handed in his decision to-day in the suit of Mrs. Bertha Lewis against her husband. Albert Lewis. It was in favor of the plaintiff, Mr. Langbein having satisfied himself of her grounds for complaint.

Mrs. Lewis was at one time Bertha Vunever and she wishes to become so again. Without being of a particularly grasping disposition, Mrs. Lewis, with a feeling com mon to many married ladies, harbored the idea that she should have a prescriptive right to her husband.

When Mrs. Lewis was Bertha Vunever she graced the mimic world which glitters behind the footlights. She played in the "Corsair,

at the Bijou, about a year and a half ago. It was then that the fickle Albert saw her and fell precipitately in love with her sweet face and the luxuriant golden tresses that encircled it. When she would prance around the stage in her glistening pink silk tights, Albert got more and more in love.

The sprightly little Corsair maiden recipro cated when she came to know Albert and fell under the influence of his mashery. For Albert was a masher or nothing, and next to winning a heart loved to lose his own.

They were married in the cold and hleak January. Then they experienced a tremendous draught of coldness from the Lewis family, who looked so coldly on the loving pair that their teeth chattered.

The Lewis family took the stand that is

pair that their teeth chattered.

The Lewis family took the stand that it was a misalliance for the Albert. That's which he's said. They said it was a mesalliance, and that the horrid thing had simply snared the deary boy by her tricky ways.

But Albert and Bertha loved each other, and they never lay awake nights weeping for a mother-in-law. They got along beautifully while they were in love.

while they were in love.

But natures that love easily and love in a

But natures that love easily and love in a torrid way don't have good staying powers in love as a rule. They burn out quickly.

That was the way with Albert. Not three weeks of cooing had streamed their honied course along before Bertha discovered that Albert was not above loving a pretty little chambermaid in a hotel at Orange. N. J.

Mrs. Lewis began to investigate and she found out a great deal, without being a Scotland Yard detective, either. She not only discovered that her Albert was coquetting with the pretty bedmaker of the Orange Hotel, but there was a widow, a horrid, nasty widow, one of the deadliest kind.

In the energizing heat of her wrath Mrs. Lewis rushed to the coolness of the divorce court and demanded a sundering of those particular of the constraint of the constraint of the constraint of the contraint.

court and demanded a sundering of those matrimonial bonds which seemed to hold her so much tighter than they did Albert.

so much tighter than they did Albert.
Leonard Langbein, esq., was appointed referee. Josie Fergyson and Widow Williams gave the whole thing away and, now that the decision is filed in favor of the plaintiff, hereafter her letters may be addressed to Miss Bertha Vernever.

WILL COL. SHEPARD GET IT?

The Russian Mission Awarded to Mim by Many-Tongued Rumor.

The flying trip of Col. Elliot F. Shepard to Vashington and his call on President Harrison resterday, in company with other prominent New Yorkers, again gives Dame Rumor cause to

couple the Colonel's name in connection with the Russian mission.

A reporter interviewed the Colonel on the re-port. He smiled pleasantly and said he really didn't know anything about it.

From other sources, however, it was learned that the Colonel really expects to get the Rus-sian mission, and that this was the reason for his visit.

his visit.

His friends argue that inasmuch as the late Minister to Russia. Allen Thorndike Rice, was a New Yorker, a Gothamite should be appointed to fill his place. It is probable that Col. Shepard would accept, and it seems likely that he will be tendered the appointment.

No one could be found at Col. Shepard's office this morning who could throw any light upon the sablect. Col. Shepard will return to the city to-morrow.

DUFFY BLOCKS THE GAME.

of That Police Court Pie.

Little Judge Duffy, the independent Tammanyite of the Board of Police Justices, is deliberately breaking the slates of his dependent

Tammany associates.

He stands as the only barrier to the consum He stands as the only barrier to the consummation of their desire, which is to summarily bounce the County Democracy employees of the police courts and substitute in their place good and true adherents of the Wigwam.

The little Judge was recently removed from the leadership of the First District bucks and his pap-ladle taken from him.

Now he sees an opportunity to be the real dispenser of patronage in the Board, and his demands are so excessive that the other Tammany justices cannot agree to them.

The failure to get Duffy in line resulted in a failure to secure a quorum at last night's meeting of the Board, President Solon B. Smith being the only member present.

DYSENTERY is children cured by MONELL's TRETH-ING CORDIAL. Price 25 cents. Give it a trial.

It Is Growing Somewhat Slowly, but Very Surely.

The Poor Babies Will Have Their Free Doctors in the Midsummer Weeks.

Let Everybody Send Their Mite to the Fund and Help the Good Work.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

	THE EVENING WORLD	\$100.
6-	Already acknowledged	2,017.
	H.	3.
p	Grateful	1.
	A. and T.	0.
- 1	Florence H	
v£.	Conductor 57	167
8	Toba C Sonborn	4.
ot	John C. Norbury	
2	William J. Bonner	
18	Collected by Mamie L. Clark	9.1
	as follows :	
-	Uncle Edward	1.0
- 2	Miss Raymond	1053
	Cousin Gertie	
- 1	Chan.	1.8
2=1	C, H. G	14
i-	Mrs. P.	- 63
1	Mr. Woodruff	- 2
M	Cousin Nellie	
	Mr. Goodell	
d	Chall	1
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of	Hallie.	- 2
	Robbie	
0	Lewis,	
20.7	Mrs. N	. 5
8.,	Mrs. 8 "Uncle John"	
n	Mrs. C.	- 5
**	Mr. P.	
4-	Baby	
36		

A Good Collection by a Twelve-Year-Old. Inclosed please find \$3.55 that I have collected for the Sick Babies." I have some more money promised that I will send later.

Mamie L. Clarke, aged twelve. In Memory of a Baby Boy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Inclosed please find \$3 for Free Physicians Fund, in memory of a baby boy who died last Summer. New York City, Tuesday, June 25.

Given Up Smoking in the Good Cause. the Editor of The Evening World -Please add inclosed \$2 to the Baby's Fund from two young men who have given up smoking for a while to benefit the little ones. INVETERATE SMOKERS (A. and T.)

Two Dollars from New Jersey.

To the Editor of The Evening World Having read about your Babies' Fund, I send \$2, and hope, although it is small, it will add to help the poor little ones in the

A Dollar from Grateful,

Babies Fund-\$1 inclosed is the mite of

A Little Girl's Contribution. othe Editor of the Evening World: Inclosed please find \$1 for Babies' Fund. LITTLE FLORENCE H.

From a Little Boy in the Country.

To the Editor of the Econing World: Inclosed please find 25 cents in stamps, a want the babies to be well this Summer. I live in the country, but I used to live in Brooklyn. I like the country best, as I can run around more. I am only a little boy seven years old. JOHN C. NORBURY. Portchester, N. Y.

MACONES SURVIVED 30 HOURS.

The Broken Necked Boy's Death Ends that Patrick Macones, the boy who was living with broken neck at St. Vincents' Hospital yesterday, as told in yesterday's EVENING WORLD, is

Every effort was made to prolong his life in view of the advantage to medical science which such an existence would prove. But although Macones remained conscious up to the last, and spoke intelligently to those around him, he ex-pired at 7.30 last evening, thirty hours after

pired at 7.30 last evening, thirty hours after the accident.

What makes his death come as a greater sur-prise is that, having survived for thirty hours after breaking his neck, he breathed easily and was able to take nourishment. He is probably to be congratulated on dying, as to live with the head as the only vital, sensitive part of a practi-cally dead body would be a questionable benefit.

Overworked.

"You look weawy and tiahd, Cholly." 'Yaas, my deah boy; I overwahked myself "Overworked yourseif, Cholly?"
"Yaas, my deah feilah; I tied my
quavat this mahnin."

Mr. Younghusband-Lucille, the papers say the bustle must go.
Mrs. Younghusband—Yes, Octavius; but
when the bustle goes the women will go with

A Tax on Luxury.

She-What do you think of Henry George's single tax idea? He Perhaps he is right. Bachelors really ught to pay for the privilege of remaining

From Judge. 1 "Did you get that box of cigars I sent

ou?" inquired his flancee. "Yes, dear."
"And how did you like them?" The box was very nice, indeed.

softly. Two Reasons.

[From Puck.] Friend-What's this I hear, Russ about

your moving to New York?
The Crown Prince—Well, the climate of Montana does not agree with my lungs; and—and—they've had an election out there. A Pointer for Sports.

First Gamin-Say, I'll bet a nickle I've got

more money in my pockets than you have.
Second Gamin—Go yer once.
After money is put up:
Pirst Gamin—How much money have you got in my pocket? Vigor and Vitality

Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is entirely overcome. The blood is purified, enriched and vitalized, and car ries health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite re-stored. The kidneys and liver are roused and invig-orated. The brain is refreshed, the nerves strength-

The whole system is built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; siz for \$5. Prepared of by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 DOSES ONE BOLLAR

THE BABIES' FUND. ANGRY UPTOWNERS. ANGLERS' YARNS.

More Complaints About the Huckle- Tales of Startling Adventures with berry Railroad.

tions at the Depots.

Left the City in a Body.

The managers of the "Huckieberry" surface line, which runs from Harlem Bridge to Fordham, are in a state of mind over the disclosures made by THE EVENING WORLD in regard to the negligent manner in which they operate their road.

The residents of the annexed district, on the other side, are becoming more and more indignant every day, now that they have come to a realizing sense of their rights, and they are going to make things very warm for the "Huckleberry" people if they don't brace up and do something to give them better ac-

commodations.

The Railroad Company has done nothing as yet to improve the facilities of its line, and the cars above One Hundred and Seventieth street are runding as usual at irregular inter vals and with frequent delays, especially in the night time.

An effort was made yesterday to find some

of the officials of the Company, but they were all out of town.

Even Supt. Carrigan was away and had left everything in charge of one of his subordi-

nates. President Spradley went away two days ago and nobody knows when he is coming back.

They all seem to have taken to the woods for the time, and the general impression around Tremont, West Farms and Fordham is that they want to keep out of the way till the cyclone of public indignation which has peen aroused against them shall have blown

ver. Yesterday afternoon the wooden plank on its two uprights, propped up against the side of the bad-smelling stables, which is the only accommodation furnished to the patrons of the line while waiting for the Fordham car, was crowded with waiting passengers from end to end.

was crowded with waiting passengers from end to end,

About a dozen others were standing around in the dusty road, or had made seats of their market baskets. They made a rush for every car that came along, but each time they were told that the Fordham car was coming somewhere along back, and they had to be contented with the answer.

They had all read The Evening World, and the exposure of the "Huckleberry" methods was the chief topic of conversation.

"It's an outrage," said one indignant and perspiring citizen, "that we can't have better accommodations, Right in the city of New York, too.

"Only think of it! None of the people who live out this way can get downtown with-

who live out this way can get downtown with-out paying 15 cents to the Grand Central Depot bes des Elevated Ratiroad fare, unless they take this miserable line.

'If a man patronizes this line he can't

they take this miserable line.

"If a man patronizes this line he can't calculate within an hour when he is going to get downtown, and when he is once there heaven only knows long it is going to take him to get home again."

Every car that came up to the stables brought a Tremont or Fordham contingent, and when at last after nearly twenty-five minutes wait the through car came along the crowd was packed into it like sardines in a box, and the poor old horses had to strain and tug with all the strength in their feeble legs for several minutes before they could start the heavily loaded car.

The tracks of the line are laid upon parallel sleepers sunk in the dirt road, and at no place along the route above One Hundred and Seventieth street is the road paved between the tracks. The pathway is worn down into two deep ruts, filled with fine dust in dry weather and slimy mud in wet, through which the horses scramble along as best they can.

"Was have tried to keen the tracks, in good."

We have tried to keep the track in good condition," said one of the employees of the Company, who was found at the stable, but it's no use. There is no paying on the road it's no use. There is no paving on the road and the big trucks that come along spread the tracks and keep them continually in a bad state. I guess the Company is waiting till the Suburban puts its line through and widens the upp rend of Third avenue before

it does anything."

"There is some talk," said one of the passof running a cable road up this way, but I don't believe there is anything in it. The "Huckleberry" Company has got its grip on the franchise, and so long as it can compel the public to submit to the wretched accomodations it sees fit to furnish, it will be difficult to shake it off. I don't believe it will ever do

"It would be a blessing if some decent company could get hold of the property. Some years ago the Third Avenue Company tried to get control of the road, but the Spradleys, who own it, would not sell out and the scheme fell through. I am sure if the project had been successful we would have had decent accommodations to-day, and property in this neighborhood would be worth double what it is now."

Here is a specimen of the wails which are sent daily to The Evening World.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Don't let up on the "Huckleberry "until the Don't let up on the "Huckleberry "until they give us better accommodations. "The omblic be—!"says the President of the 'Huckleberry;" they will ride any how." Who owns the 'Huckleberry? Mrs. Whitney, now Mrs. Spradley, five-eighths: Bill Canldwell, two-eighths; H. B. Kirk, one-eighth, Why don't somebody buy them out and make a decent road of it? Where is Jay Gould? For heaven's sake come to our rescue. Extend the Suburban Railroad, and let the scab road drop into the sewer. A Workstyman, a Resident and a Taxpayer. Tremont, June 25.

Read thus: Read this:

The Editor of The Feening World:

The "Huckleberry" Railroad Company is an eyesore to the residents of the Twenty-fourth Ward. The cars are rotten and fithy, and there are no accommodations for passengers at either end of the road. The waiting-room at Harlem Bridge is a loading place for drunken bums. There is no ventilation, and the air is sickening with the foul smell of bad rum and tobacco.

For shame's sake the starter had the windows cleaned last Sunday morning and the room cleaned last Sunday morning and the room. For shame's sake the starter had the windows cleaned last Sunday morning and the room washed out with a stump of a broom.

The waiting-room at the depot at One Hundred and Seventieth street is dirty and the walls covered with writings and pencil drawings. You would have a better place for your dog. What is wanted is cleanliness, more cars running to Fordham, a strict time spotter and a sprinkler for their track. When you come down from Fordham to Harlem Bridge you look as if you had come down in an ash-cart.

Another Victim.

THE PRIZE JOKER'S RECEIPT.

ANOTHER VICTIM.

Received from THE EVENING WORLD \$20, in payment of illustrated joke prize.

Very Stupid of Him. (From Light,)
Clarissa—Is it hard to drive tandem, Mr.

Driveway. Parker Driveway proud of his horseman ahip)—Not the least bit difficult, I assure you.
Why, it's as easy as driving single.
"Is it as easy, quite? Why I have seen you drive single with one hand.

A Good Reason. [From the Pittsburg Bulletin.]
The New Graduate—I can never be your wife. We would not be happy. You are too extravagant in your habits. Augustus—Extravagant! Why, I soonomical as a descon. I have to be.
"Then I can never be your wife."
"Because I'm economical?"

"Because I'm economical?"
"No: because you have to be."

the Finny Tribe.

Long Waits and No Accommoda- Some Are " Too Strange Not to

The Company's Officers Seem to Have Piscatorial Hunters Striving for the Gold Double Eagle.

CONDITIONS OF THE TOURNEY.

THE EVENING WORLD has opened a Fish Story Contest as a novel, timely and interesting feature. The usual prize, a gold double eagle, will be given for the best fish story submitted. Fish-Consioner Eugene G. Blackford, one of the leading Ashermen in the country, will act as judge.

The piscatorial yarns may be as short as authors desire, but should not exceed 200 words in length. The most interesting of the ontributions will be published. All competitors should address, Fish Story Contest, THE EVEN-ING WORLD, New York City. This is a great opportunity for the story-telling disciples of Izank Watton.

Hoodcord by a Five of Clubs.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Last Saturday a friend of mine went on a fishing expedition from New Rochelle. While waiting for his train at the Grand Central Depot he noticed a pack of cards on the track, and as his eve caught the five of clubs he picked it up and put it in his pocket. At 2 o'clock, accompanied by another disciple of the lamented Ike Walton, they launched their bark on the rippling bosom of the Sound, breathing destruction to its fisny denizens. At 3 o'clock my friend had landed denizens. At 3 o clock my triend had landed five speckled beauties, his companion eleven. At 4 he counted the original five, his com-rade seventeen. At 5 o'clock he still had five, while the other tantalized him by pulling in his twenty-seventh prize.

In disgust he threw down his rod, and told the boatman to pull for home. On reaching terra firm he awakened to the dual lact that

in his basket were five fishes, in his inside pocket the cabalistic five of clubs. There's Proof for This Yarn.

To the Editor of The Eventus World. I started out for a load of oysters in a sail boat one day and sailed down the little river about three miles, which brought me into Tackerton Bay. I saw a queer mass of something in the water ahead, and was puzzled at first to tell what it was. I had not long to wait, for all at once my boat was stuck as if wait, for all at once my boat was stuck as it on the mud. It was not mud, but a great school of fish, and the only thing I had to get some of the fish with was a pair of oyster tongs. So I set to work with the oyster-tongs. I leaded my boat with fish, and had a hard time getting my boat out of the school of fish and into the river.

When ones clear I sailed up to the landing

When once clear I sailed up to the landing and unloaded, and went back to get another load, and at the same time I told the people how I caught those fish. Nearly every boat around the creek was taken down to the bay and loaded with fish, and the best thing we

and loaded with fish, and the best thing we found to catch the fish with was a scoop-net.

Capt, T, A. Seaman, I and 3 Beaver street.

P. S.—I can prove this by nearly all of the men in West Creek, Ocean County, N. J., among them R. A. Wood, Joseph Pharo, George Shinn, Theodore Kelly, Alexis Kelly and George A. Seaman.

Their Eel Up a Cherry Tree.

To the Editor of The Evening World; I was out fishing with my brother not long ago and caught a gigantic cel, which was the prize fish of the day. I had no end of trouble in landing him, and when I got home he was still alive. I laid him on the table. He measured just nine inches in circumference and was five feet long, unusually slimy and very lively. When I commenced skin-ning him he curled up, twisted himself around my neck and clung like a leech. My brother pulled him off, but I still bear the mark on my neck, which is of a very decided greenish color. Then my brother held him and I tried to skin him again. He still pro-tested, and, slipping through our hands, he darted like a snake out of the open door. Reaching the garden, he slipped up a cherr tree. Then we thought we had him.
was nowhere to be found, and

Mew York, June 21.

Caught by the Tall. To the Editor of The Evening World: When a boy of fourteen I lived down South upon a large plantation containing an excellent mill-pond abounding with the various fish peculiar to Southern waters. One Summer's day at noontime I walked up the milldam to the sluice-gates and on the way espied a large trout bedding near the edge in about five feet of water. For the next fifteen min-

ntes I did my utmost to induce that fish to bite, but without avail.

My time was limited, and having no better any time was limited, and naving no better inducements to offer her troutship. I took the bait off, gently eased the hook into the water and, managing to place it just back of the fish's head, gave a slight pull to see if the barb was in position. The trout made a bolt. I made a snatch which almost jerked me heels over head down the dam, and on raising my rod from the ground I saw to my great my rod from the ground I saw, to my great surprise, the trout dangling from the line by the tail. The hook had entered the fish jus where the tail-fin joined the body. S. HEYDERMAN, 255 East Fourth street.

Sounds Familiar. To the Editor of The Evening World:

My wife and myself set out one day on a fishing excursion to the fishing banks, and while fishing and through the effects of the salt water, my wife's wedding-ring supped off her finger. Everybody on board felt sorry. Nevertheless, two weeks after we undertook the same trip, when, to everyundertook the same trip, when, to every-body's surprise, I caught a four-pound sea bass, and while in the act of cleaning the same my knife came in contact with a hard substance. On cutting the fish open I re-covered the identical ring she lost two weeks previous, Yours respectfully, J. Van Gelderen, 215 East One Hundred and Tenth street,

A Novel Way of Fishing. Last Winter I went out on Moosehead Lake

to get a few trout. I cut a large hole in the ice, let down my book, and in no time landed a three-pounder. As fast as I dropped my line a fish would grab it, and I as quickly landed it. Soon I found that they would jump at my hook almost before it had reached jump at my hook almost before it had reached the water; so, getting tired of lowering and pulling out my line. I held the hook about six inches above the surface of the water, and as the trout jumped for it I hit them on the side with my other hand, knocking them on the ice. In less than an hour I had lapded in this way over one hundred of the prettiest "speckled beauties." you ever saw. G. P.

All Because He Spat on His Bait.

In the southern portion of the town of Wrenthern, Norfolk County, Mass., is somewhat large pond called "Merrimsshee," and during the Summer of 1887 I went there to catch a few perch. Standing on the bridge of the road, which is a causeway built ful good, chawppie.

the bait and threw well out. At once I felt a nibble. The pole bent, and with a quick jerk I threw a lively shiner into the middle of the road. The fish disengaged himself at once. Spitting on the bait I again threw, and for four blessed hours I pulled fish from that pond with the one earth worm just as fast as I could pull out and throw in, except that I always spat on the bait before throwing. To this fact I ascribe my success, for when I went home I carried 218 perch, 214 shiners and 116 flat fish. A pretty good catch.

Jersey City, June 25.

Jersey City, June 25.

Found a Lost Rod and Reel. To the Editor of The Evening World

A year or two since Mesers. Smith and Brown went to Prince's Bay in search of the gamy weakfish. After fishing for a couple of hours with indifferent success Mr. Smith's line received a tug from a good-sized fish, and, much to his disgust, jerked his fine split bamboo with new rubber reel overboard. Upon Mr. Brown promising not to tell the boys on the Exchange of the mishap, Smith agreed to pay the cost of the next trip to save his reputation as an angler. When the next trip came off Brown landed, after a struggle, a large weakfish, and was surprised to find a second hook in the fish's mouth, with leader and line attached. After pulling in about one hundred yards of line he was surprised to find the identical rod and reel lost by Mr. Smith a week or ten days previously. C. Edward Brown, 321 Canal street.

THE PRESIDENT'S COW.

A Story of William Henry Harrison and Maryland Drover.

(From the Hartford Times. A native and old resident of Washington tells the following anecdote, which was current and credited in Washington during the brief administration of President Harrison. who was called the "Cincinnatus of the West" by the Whigs, and "Granny Harrison" by the Democrats. When he came to Washington to be inaugurated no one was surprised at the plain looks and the simple manners of the old hero, because the pictures of the log cabin in which he had lived were common during the campaign as illustrating his simple habits, No, nor were they in-credulous of the story they soon heard of

him.

It seems that there was no cow—or no satisfactory cow—at the White House, so the old ex-farmer made inquiries and learned that Saturday was the day when the drovers came in from the country to the Marse Market to sell their cattle. Consequently, early on Saturday morning President Harrison, instead of conding a savent arcosa and scale to the second of the same of the sa stead of sending a servant, arose and walked down to the market. There he found cows galore. He soon made a trade with a burly Mont-

gomery County drover, by which he became possessor of a fine Durham. "Where shall I drive it?" inquired the drover, who did not recognize the Presi

dent.
"To the White House. I will show you the way," replied President Harrison.
"Why, you don't mean to say, friend, that you've bought this yere beast for old Granny with dilated Harrison?" demanded the drover with dilated

"Yes," replied the old hero, without showing the resentment that a smaller man might have thought necessary.

The drover left his cattle in the care of his son and turned the Durham out on the avenue, where he and the President walked side he said health the aver guiding here. 26 in. mounted, Sun Umbrella,

nue, where he and the President walked side by side behind the cow, guiding her way. The President, on the inside, gently raised his stick when Sukey made an effort to promenade the sidewalk, and the drover flourished his whip when she threatened to break into the middle of the street.

"I'm a Democrat myself," the drover volunteered to inform his companion, "and word for Van, of course, but the other day at the 'nauguration—ha! ha! ha!—I'll be doggone if I didn't fling up my hat and hurrah for Granny Harrison with the best of 'em! Couldn't help it, somehow."

"Thank you," said the President.

"Oh, you're a Whig? But I might a known that by your having a siteration in the White House, as I s'pose you have, hain't you?"

"Yes," said the President.
"What be you there, now? Gardener?"

"No."
"Coachman, then, or body servant?"
"Neither. I suppose I may call myself a general servant."
"Oh, yes! Run errands, wait on the table, answer the door knocks and like o' that," remarked the drover, who had no idea of what the domestic establishment of the President of the United States was like. President of the United States was like

President of the United States was like.

"Something not very unlike that," said the President, with a tolerant smile.

"Do you see much of Granny Harrison now?" inquired the man as they neared the White House grounds.

"Considerable," replied the President.

"How do you like the old tellow?"

"That's hard to tell. Too well, most likely," thoughtfully replied the old hero.

"I'll go bail you do."

"Well, here we are." said the President, opening the gate that leads to the stable.

Several men servants came forward, touch-Several men servants came forward, touch-

ring their hats.

"Take charge of this cow and attend to her," ordered the President.

Then turning to the drover he said.

"Come, friend! Come into the house and

"Come, friend! Come into the house, and take some breakfast."

"Thanky. I don't care if I do. Say, could you get me a sight of old Granny Harrison!"

"Didn't you see him at the inauguration?"

"Lor', yes! but not nigh enough to know what he looked like! I would like to get a squint at him, anyways!"

"Come in, friend," said the old soldier, leading the way up the steps and through the south door into the mansion.

The drover turned around and looked out upon the extensive grounds and then remarked:

in Ohio,"
"I don't know," replied the old soldier, leading his way along the hall. Here they were met by a servant dressed like a clergyman, who bowed and opened a door to the left. The President ushered his guest into the family breakfast room, where breakfast was studion read. "Lor' a mighty! what a sight of silver and chiny!" exclaimed the drover, gazing on the glittering service. Here were more servants, who, with deep bows, placed chairs to the table.

"Sit down, friend," said the illustrious host, politely indicating a chair.

A better place than that ar log cabin out

"Sit down, friend," said the illustrious host, politely indicating a chair.
"Look a here! I say now! Ain't you taking on great liberty? Granny Harrison wouldn't like this here now, would he?" inquired the drover, puzzled and hesitating.
"I think he would, very much, Pray sit down."

down."

"Now, just look here, now. Ain't you too fresh?" inquired the drover, with his hands on the back of the chair, which for some reason or other he did not take. "Who be you, anyhow, as makes so bold and takes such liberties in the President's house? You sin't told me your name nor likewise yer "The people call me William Henry Harri, son and have made me President of the United States," quietly replied the ex-

farmer.
"Lord Almighty!" cried the drover, and he boiled from the house and never stopped until he was off the grounds, and when he sat down on the curbstone he "cussed himself gray," as his wife said.

(From Judge.)

Von Doodlees-Waggs called me a fool today, don'tchewknaw. Van Simpre-Aw, weally? What did you

do, deaw chawppie? do, deaw chawppie?

Von Doodlees—On, I got even with him: I
happened to have me old chestnut bell in me
paweket, and I wang it at him weal hawd,
don'tehwknaw.

through the pond, I baited my hook, spat on the bait and threw well out. At once I felt a on the Third Floor, while The role best and with a quick FURNITURE Last Week of the

10 Per Cent. Discount.

The great public interest in our Special Sale of Furniture has decided us to give our patrons one more week of the cash 10 per cent. discount. This interest proves beyond a doubt that the public has more confidence in a moderate discount honestly advertised than in all the glittering impossibilities with which too many newspaper advertisements abound. We have a stock of Furniture unexcelled in this city-or out of it. Styles original and artistic, assortments complete; prices firmly fixed on a close dry goods basis. Yet for this week only we deduct an extra cash discount of 10 per cent. on everything in this department, with one single exception. That exception is our famous No. 400 Bedroom Suit-solid ash, rich antique finish-which we continue to sell at \$15.00 NET for a suit of three pieces. Remember the opportunity is now. Sale closes Saturday night.

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GATELY & WILLIAMS, Opposite Proctor's Theatre.



Algy-Aw, I wonder why so many married ctresses take the title of "Miss." Cholly—Mebbe it's because they're unmar ried so often.

The Latest from the Diamond.

"Well, said Wright Field, as he took his overcoat to the pawnbroker, "here goes for three balls and a bat!"

It Couldn't Have Been Red Hot.

Mamma-Are you warm, Bobby? Bobby (in bed)-Yes, mamma, as warm as oast. ... Why, no you're not. You are as cold as

you can be."
"Well, I'm as warm as the toast we had for supper. An Advantage in Knowing French. Brown (to Black, who is preparing for a

European trip)-How do you get on with your languages, old fellow? Black-Capitally. Why, Pve got so now I can think in French.

Brown-Well, that's a blessing, for it's more than you could ever do in English

Easily Profitable.

[From Puck.]

Miss Segreen-I don't see how the ocean

steamers can afford to transport people such a long distance, and board them, too, at such low price, Mr. Pegreen (who has been across)—Board doesn't cost much.

He Made a Mistake. [From the Omaka World,] He—My dear Miss Angel, will you not partake of just a little pale, pink cream and one bonbon, which I fear will not be so exquisite

as you are accustomed to in Boston? She—What a break! I'm not from Boston She—What a break! I'm not from Boston.
I live in Kansas City.
"Well, I am a fish! Here, waiter, bring us a double order of pork chops and some turnips with the peeling on.